

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.
Cates. Withdraw my Lord, He helps you to a Horse.
Rich. Slaue, I haue set my life vpon a cast,
 And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
 I thinke there be fixe Richmonds in the field,
 Five haue I slaine to day, in stead of him,
 A Horse, a Horse, my Kingdome for a Horse.

Alarum. Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine.

Retreat, and Flourish. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
 Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
 The day is ours, the bloody Dogge is dead.

Der. Courageous Richmond,
 Well hast thou acquit thee: Loe,
 Heere these long vsurped Royalties,
 From the dead Temples of this bloody Wretch,
 Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
 Weare it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of Heauen, say Amen to all:
 Buttell me, is yong George Stanley liuing?

Der. He is my Lord, and safe in Leicester Towne,
 Whither (if you please) we may withdraw vs.

Richm. What men of name are slaine on either side?

Der. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferris,
 Sir Robert Erokenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Birth,
 Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
 That in submission will returne to vs,
 And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
 We will vnite the White Rose, and the Red.
 Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
 That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
 What Traitor heares me, and sayes nor Amen?
 England hath long bene mad, and fear'd her selfe;
 The Brother blindly shed the Brothers blood;
 The Father, rashly slaughtered his owne Sonnes;
 The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
 All this diuided Yorke and Lancaster,
 Diuided, in their dire Diuision.

O now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
 The true Succeeders of each Royall House,
 By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
 And let thy Heires (God if thy will be so)
 Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
 With smiling Plenty, and faire Prosperous dayes.
 Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,
 And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
 Let them not lue to taste this Lands increase,
 That would with Treason, wound this faire Lands peace.
 Now Chull wounds are stopp'd, Peace liues agen;
 That she may long liue heere, God say, Amen. *Exeunt*

FINIS.



The Famous History of the Life of King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGUE.

Prologue. Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
 That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
 Sad, high, and working, full of State and woe:
 Such Noble Scenes, as draw the Eye to flow
 We now present. Those that can Pity, heere
 May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
 The Subject will deserue it. Such as gine
 Their Money out of hope they may belecue,
 May heere finde Truth too. Those that come to see
 Onely a show or two, and so a gree,
 The Play may passe: If they be still, and willing,
 He undertake may see away their shilling
 Richly in two short houres. Onely they
 That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
 A noyse of Targets: Or to see a Fellow
 In along Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,

Will be decey'd. For gentle Hearers, know
 To ranke our chosen Truth with such a show
 As Foole, and Fight is, beside forfetting
 Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
 To make that onely true, we now intend,
 Will leane vs neuer an vnderstanding Friend.
 Therefore, for Goodnesse sake, and as you are knowne
 The First and Happiest Hearers of the Towne,
 Be sad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye see
 The very Persons of our Noble Story,
 As they were Liuing: Thinke you see them Great,
 And follow'd with the generall throng, and sweat
 Of thousand Friends: Then, in a moment, see
 How soone this Mightinesse, meets Misery:
 And if you can be merry then, He say,
 A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scæna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolk at one doore. At the other,
 the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord
 Aburghuenny.

Buckingham.

Buck. Good morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
 Since last we saw in France?

Nor. I thanke your Grace:
 Healthfull, and euer since a fresh Admirer
 Of what I saw there.

Buck. An vntimely Ague
 Staid me a Prisoner in my Chamber, when
 Those Sunnes of Glory, those two Lights of Men
 Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. Twixt Guynes and Arde,
 I was then present, saw them salute on Horsebacke,
 Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
 In their Embrace, as they grew together,
 Which had they,
 What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
 Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
 I was my Chambers Prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
 The view of earthly glory: Men might say
 Till this time Pompe was single, but now married
 To one about it selfe. Each following day
 Became the next dayes master, till the last
 Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
 All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
 Shone downe the English; and to morrow, they
 Made Britaine, India: Euery man that stood,
 Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfish Pages were
 As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
 Not vs'd to toyle, did almost sweat to beare
 The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
 Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
 Was cry'de incompareable; and th'ensuing night
 Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
 Equall in lustre, were now best, now worst
 As presence did present them: Him in eye,
 Still him in praise, and being present both,
 'Twas said they saw but one, and no Discerner
 Durst wagge his Tongue in censure, when these Sunnes
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their Herald's challeng'd
 The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe